

L.I.C.K.

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Summary:

*"I lose all control when you grab a hold, and you do your trick; I love it when you **lick**."*

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Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [Nopeneveragain8](#). Log in to view.

"O-ohhh, fuck—Daddy, *D-daddy, please!* Let me cum, I-I *can't*—!"

The rumbling laughter that came from the beast under you was equal parts terrifying and arousing. You whined as the clown stilled your frantic bouncing up and down his cock; one hand holding your hip and the other coming to grab harshly at your hair. Eyes fluttering open, your blurry gaze was met with the brightly burning aureate of Pennywise; tears streaking down your cheeks. Craning your head back further, he leaned forward and licked a trail up your saliva coated neck; causing you to squirm and pant in his hold. Your muscles clenched tightly around the thick girth of his cock, trying desperately to entice him into moving or letting you move, but the iron grip he had was a clear indication that he was having too much fun winding you up.

"My, my, *my*..." Came his deepened voice, still thrumming with both glee and a barely restrained lust. You gave a pitiful keen as his lips brushed your ear—visibly trembling. "Daddy's favorite toy has been so *good*, yes? I could *feel* how much you wanted to cum, little one...Begging so *sweetly* for me."

You gave a hiccup and opened your mouth to speak, but three long fingers were suddenly thrust past your lips; the tips resting on the back of your throat. Instantly, you gagged, much to his delight as drool began to puddle and leak past your lips and coat his hand. So desperate, you sealed your lips around the digits and sucked, despite the clawed tips.

A purr came from him at your eagerness—rewarded with a languid roll of his hips—before he began to thrust his fingers in and out of your pliant mouth. "Such a *pathetic* slut, you are. Whining like a filthy animal in heat; desperate for Daddy to fill-you-up."

Your breath hitched as he crammed your wet heat flush upon his pulsing cock; jaw dropping open as the edge of orgasm crept too close. He could smell the musk of your arousal heavily in the air, and the hint of fear creeping into your mind. So delectable when mixed with your lust, Pennywise found himself inhaling deeply at your neck.

"Maybe Daddy should leave you here."

In a whirlwind, you found yourself slammed onto the firmness of your bed; legs spread wide and ankles held tightly in each oversized hand. The clown—now towering over you with sharpened rows of teeth visible—began to rock his hips deeply against your ass. Saliva dripped from his mouth in rivulets and practically poured onto your awaiting mouth; tongue swiping up the taste desperately.

He awarded you with a particularly hard thrust and began to lean down, legs nearly above your head with the angle he was in. Your head fell back against the mattress as the pleasure thrumming through your body began to mount on top of each other; Penny growling and grunting as you twitched and rippled around his cock helplessly. His tongue met your neck and began to lick up the beading sweat and mixture of drool, teeth raking with temptation along your skin.

"Such a good...fucking... *whore*. So *afraid* that I'll leave you..."

"D-Daddy, let me—let me! God, yes—!"

The growl that came from him was so deep and ethereal that it made your skin want to crawl from your body, but it was offset by the rampant thrusting of his cock inside of you. The wet, slick heat and audible smacking of skin made your face flush from embarrassment, but he didn't care. Hands moving to your thighs, Pennywise held them wide and fucked you open until sobs started to come from your lips; teeth biting with just enough pressure on your neck to keep you in place.

You wailed as the beginning of orgasm blossomed in the pit of your stomach, toes curled tightly and eyes rolling upwards. That was when the thundering words rolled around your head.

"Did I say you could cum, you little slut?"

Tears burst forward from the literal pain of being strung along, body aching pleasantly and mind worn out. You felt as if you could die—hopeless and helpless—and the monstrous creature above you giggled in delight. It almost seemed like there were multiple octaves of his voice. Maybe you had actually gone insane, but then Pennywise bit down upon your earlobe and groaned.

"So good for Daddy...Take it, little one. Take it, take Daddy's cock—and—cum."

Those last three words were accompanied by heaving thrusts, numbness and heat overcoming your body as he *finally* allowed you to cum. Your fingers clutched deeply at the sheets as a scream tore from your throat; the pulsing, wet release coating his cock. You barely registered Penny wrenching your face to his as he pressed a sloppy, open mouth kiss to your lips; tongue slick and sweet against your own. He was a grunting mess as his own orgasm overcame him, something akin to a whine coming from his throat as thick cum began to pour inside of you. It was hot inside of you and what couldn't fit seemed to seep out past his still twitching cock. The feeling had you meaning weakly into his mouth and clenching down upon teasingly; to which he growled and bit your bottom lip to the point of blood.

As the embers of release began to ebb away into a pleasant ache, the beast nuzzled into your neck and licked gently at the salted skin. It would seem that he was content to stay inside of you for the time being, and honestly, you were too worn out to argue.

Author's Note:

You guys don't know how many drafts of Pennywise/Reader I have saved. I'll post more, but this is a warm up.

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